

Iron County Record.

CHAS. S. and JOS. T. WILKINSON, Publishers.
CEDAR CITY, - - - UTAH.

UTAH STATE NEWS.

The track of the Leamington cut-off is now fifteen miles below Stockton.

Work was commenced Monday on the canal for the electric light plant for Springville. The plant is being put in by the city.

John Alexander, a carpenter, is dead from injuries sustained by falling from a building on which he was working in Salt Lake City.

Judah Howells of Salt Lake City, is the owner of a freak calf born last week. The calf has five legs and three toes on some of its feet.

There is a strong probability that the National Guard of Utah will go into camp this summer with the regulars at some point in Wyoming.

President Roosevelt will not participate in the proposed buffalo hunt on Antelope Island, owing to the limited time he will remain in Salt Lake City.

At the close of last week twenty-six cases of smallpox remained in quarantine in Salt Lake City, sixteen new cases having developed during the week.

Government experts will probably investigate the grasshopper pest in Sanpete county with a view to finding some means to exterminate the little pests.

Diphtheria and membranous croup have been very prevalent in Tropic and vicinity this spring, claiming no less than twenty-one victims, all under 12 years of age. A rigid quarantine is in force.

Dr. Washington Franklin Anderson, who died in Salt Lake City last week at the age of 80, was the first president of the Utah Medical society, and attended President Brigham Young in his last illness.

Clyde Ellison, who shot and killed Undertaker A. S. Watson in Salt Lake City, is on trial for his life. Ellison will endeavor to prove that he was justified in killing Watson on account of family troubles.

The loss of sheep in this state during the past winter, according to a report issued by the agricultural department, was 7.8 per cent through exposure and 2.1 per cent through disease, or 353,436 sheep in all.

As the result of a fall from a horse, the 12-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Don Davis, of Brooklyn, near Elsinore, is lying at death's door. As the boy was alone at the time of the accident, it is not known how it happened.

Little Alada Ross, aged 3, of Salt Lake City, while playing in the yard at her home, was struck by a stray bullet fired by small boys who were using a target gun, the bullet entering the thigh, inflicting a painful wound.

Victor M. Clement, the well known mining engineer of Salt Lake City, died Sunday morning in Saultillo, Mexico, as the result of an operation which he had undergone a few days previous. Mr. Clement had a worldwide reputation as a mining engineer.

Three accidents occurred in the family of George Barney of Brooklyn within a week. A 7-year-old daughter was run over by a roller and severely injured, another child fell from the shed and broke its collar bone, while a third fell into a canal and was fished out just in time to prevent its death.

Sheep Inspector Candland of Sanpete county, after visiting the east and west deserts, estimates the loss of sheep through the past winter and spring at 20 per cent. The local stockmasters assert their loss will not reach this figure.

Charles Christensen, a 16-year-old Richfield lad, has been convicted of breaking into the tabernacle in that city and stealing a purse which had been left on a seat by the janitor. The lad has been sentenced to five years in the state industrial school.

The committee from the Agricultural college of Utah, charged with the selection of sites for the five dry land experiment farms in Utah, has definitely settled upon two tracts of land. One of the farms will be in Juab county and one in Iron county.

The memorial adopted by the last legislature asking that a portion of Utah's vast forest reserve be opened to settlement will probably bear fruit, Secretary Hitchcock having stated that much of the land in question will be restored to the public domain at an early date.

The work on the Lucin cut-off has reached a point three miles beyond the Promontory point and work is being rushed. The pile drivers are being worked two shifts by the light furnished from the electric plants. Piles are arriving every day.

The wife of District Attorney Frank K. Nebeker of Logan was seriously burned last week. Mrs. Nebeker was out in the yard burning paper when her clothing caught fire and before it could be put out she was badly burned on the back, side and both arms.

FELL FROM WINDOW

MINER MEETS DEATH IN SALT LAKE TENDERLOIN.

Belief Expressed That Unfortunate Man Was Thrown From a Third Story Window by a Negro, Who Is Under Arrest.

With his skull crushed and one leg broken, C. R. West, a miner from the Deep Creek country, was picked up from the pavement south of the American rooming house at 15 Commercial street, Salt Lake City, Monday night and carried to the Holy Cross hospital, where he died Tuesday morning. He was unconscious when found by pedestrians, lying in a big pool of blood. He never regained consciousness.

The miner had fallen from a third story window of the rooming house, a distance of more than forty feet. How he came to fall is a mystery that has not been cleared up. Suspicious circumstances lead the police to believe he was pushed out of the window with murderous intent. Ike Hughes, a negro ex-convict, is being held in jail pending the investigation of circumstances that the officers believe may involve him on a charge of murder. Hughes is known to have quarreled with West Sunday night. Evidence has been secured that he threatened bodily harm to the miner. According to his own statement to the police, he was on the third floor about the time that West went through the window. The ex-convict denies knowing anything about the affair, and if anyone saw it he has taken pains to keep the secret.

ELEVEN WERE KILLED.

Result of a Collision of a Work Train and Stock Train.

A northbound Missouri Pacific stock train crashed into the rear end of a work train just north of Buffalo, Kans., and eleven men were killed and twenty-five injured, ten of the latter seriously and four fatally. All were Greeks except one, Peter Frye, who lived in Buffalo and who was the boss on the work. The cause of the wreck is given as misreading of orders. The scene of the wreck for several hours looked like a battlefield by the dazzling light of the burning debris, with dead men strewn about upon the ground, where they lay after being taken from the wreck.

OBSERVED THE SABBATH.

President Roosevelt Attended Church in Grand Island, Nebraska.

President Roosevelt and party spent Sunday in Grand Island, Nebraska, his train arriving at that place early Sunday morning. The president attended St. Stephen's Episcopal church in the forenoon, and in the afternoon went for a horseback ride, accompanied by Senator Dietrich. They rode out to Taylor's sheep ranch and then around to the Soldiers' Home, where the president greeted the veterans. The ride was about fifteen miles.

Missing Man Returns.

Deputy United States Marshal Utting, who was lost in the Gunsight country several days, and who it was stated had been killed, has returned to Phoenix, Arizona. He said one of the Indian smugglers he went after was captured near Barrajito ranch by himself and the two Mexicans accompanying him. While handcuffing him, the Indian escaped and seized a carbine near the cabin door, but before he could use, one of the Mexicans shot him dead. The Indians are swearing vengeance against the officer.

Sacrifice Was Useless.

Twenty years ago John Crempa, who has just been buried at Perth Amboy, N. J., was living with his wife in Neutla, Hungary. She was accused of stabbing a man, a former admiral. Crempa confessed to the crime to save her, and went to prison that she might remain free to care for their child. After serving ten years he was set free. Then he found that his wife had been living with another man all the time he was in prison. Crempa came to America, and spent the rest of his life in New Jersey.

Shot From Ambush.

W. A. Roman, a wealthy stockman of Gallies, Okla., died in the hospital at Trinidad, Colo., Monday, from the effects of two bullet wounds which he received about ten days ago while riding on his range. The shooting, it is claimed by his brother, C. F. Roman, was the culmination of one of the bitterest range feuds in the history of the territory. The two brothers were ambushed and shot from their horses by three men who are known, and who are strongly fortified in some rocks on a hillside.

Baseball Player Fatally Injured.

Vincent Lappin, captain and manager of the Leadville Blues baseball club, and one of the best known shortstops in the State league, was fatally injured at the Moyer mine in Leadville. Lappin had been down in the property and was going from one drift to another when he wandered away and struck a chute, through which he fell a distance of fifty feet. His legs were broken and he was internally injured. He is still alive, but no hope of recovery is entertained.

A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.
Author of "Little Miss Millions," "The Spider's Web," "Dr. Jack's Widow," "Miss Caprice," etc.

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CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"We must have another deal, that's all. Perhaps a better and more generous lover will appear the next time—one who will appreciate little favors at their true value. You can consider yourself dismissed," with a wave of the hand that should have struck dumb terror into the heart of the other, but which, on the contrary, only excited his secret mirth.

"Thanks, but I shall take my discharge only from the proper authority, and in this case that does not happen to be—ahem!—Capt. Brand."

"Very good. Remember, I am her father, and the rightful custodian of our family honor. Perhaps I may resort to other and more drastic measures should you continue to force your unwelcome attentions upon my daughter."

"You would find me ready and willing to give you back as good as you send, sir."

"Why, you young scamp, I could break every bone in your body, if I chose," almost frothing at the mouth with rage.

"Better not try it, captain. In New York state they electrocute for murder, and it's a worse fate than hanging, which you know has terrors enough never to be forgotten."

Charlie, acting upon the spur of the moment, could not help giving him this little thrust.

It was a keen one.

The other's jaw dropped, his eyes momentarily rolled in a spasm of agony, and the sweat seemed to break out upon his brow.

Charlie saw and was satisfied.

He had given the conscienceless wretch a body-blow in return for his vile threats.

Capt. Brand's spasm lasted but a brief space of time, and then he recovered his self-possession.

There was a peculiarity about the captain that seemed very marked—when in a rage his eyes became quite bloodshot, and glowed like the orbs of a hyena upon the deserts of which he loved to stalk.

And just now they were fiery, indeed.

The look he gave Stuart had murder in it, though Charlie showed no sign of alarm.

Here, in this public place, the man would never dare assault him.

Besides, Charlie possessed the idea that he could hold his own at any time against the fellow. True, he was smaller than the captain, but a life devoted to occasional assassination must have sharpened his fighting powers.

But Capt. Brand restrained himself—reason had not quite deserted him. He smiled grimly, and there was a world of meaning in his sardonic look.

"Very good, my hearty! You have chosen to throw down the glove, and from this hour it's war to the knife between us. You may live to rue the day you made an enemy out of one who held out the olive branch. Depend upon it, Arline Brand is not for you. A fond parent must guard the interests of his sweet child. Go your way, young sir; and when next we meet it will be as foe to the death. I wash my hands of you."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Fateful Hour.

Charlie looked after the retreating figure of Capt. Brand, and was in doubt whether to take him seriously or consider his threat a huge joke. He soon resolved to dismiss from his mind Capt. Brand and all he typified, and seek repose.

He gained the sanctity of his room, and, lighting the gas, sat down to have a last deliberation ere retiring.

All seemed capable of running in a smooth groove, but "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley," Bobby Burns tells us, and who has not found it true in his own experience?

Charlie retired, whether he slept soundly or not concerns us little, but under the circumstances it is hardly probable that his slumber was very refreshing.

There was too great a load on his mind.

He felt very much as a man might who stands upon the brink of a precipice.

Success or failure—his whole future depended upon one little word—was balanced in the hollow of a girl's hand.

Charlie's previous bitter experience had caused him to feel more or less caution, with a shade of distrust toward the gentle sex, and against this he had to fight.

Could he have known what lay before him, under what fearful conditions he was fated to win his sweetheart, even his bold warrior spirit might have quailed a little.

It is just as well perhaps, that these things are mercifully hidden from our view—just as well that we need only grapple with each difficulty as it appears in view, instead of crossing bridges before we come to them.

The day dawned.

There was more or less of a bustle in the air.

New York contains more sons of Erin than probably any Irish city outside of Dublin.

And these patriotic exiles never neglect to fittingly celebrate St. Patrick's day, no matter what the weather may be.

Charlie felt he must have something to distract his attention. Artemus was not in sight, the daily paper had been exhausted, and as a last resort he sauntered out to watch the crowds.

Never once did he wander far from the hotel, which fact, later on, he was inclined to believe was a special dispensation of Providence.

The magnet was there that held him.

He smoked and walked, and so the time dragged by until the hour of fate arrived.

Charlie, the better to see and be out of the anticipated jam, had mounted a convenient carriage-stone standing in front of a dwelling house half a block from the hotel.

Great as was the excitement around him, it seemed to be doubly intensified further along the line of march, especially in front of the hotel.

He saw the procession break at this point—melt away as it were.

Men ran toward the hotel in squads, waving their arms wildly.

Was it an opportunity to quench the thirst that frequently burns Irish throats on this glorious holiday?

Charlie knew of yore all about the battle of the Boyne, and how an orange flag arouses the hatred of a St. Patrick's day parader even as the red flag stirs the maddened bull to frenzy.

Had some bold and incautious soul dared to invite immolation by thus flaunting in their faces the color they despised?

He supposed this must be the case.

To his surprise, however, the excitement spread—the crowd pressed madly forward, mounted officers came galloping back, shouting out something that at first he could not catch.

Never to his dying day would Charlie Stuart forget the intense anxiety of that moment when he seemed to feel as though the fate of empires was at stake—and then he heard distinctly above the roar the stentorian voice of a leathern-jugged officer:

"Turn out! The avenue is impassable! The Windsor hotel is on fire! Turn out!"

Doubtless that stentorian shout sent a shuddering chill to many a heart when those who heard it glanced up at the massive pile and comprehended the hundreds of precious lives that were endangered.

To none could it appeal with more irresistible force than to Charlie Stuart.

"Turn out! The avenue is impassable! The Windsor hotel is on fire! Turn out!"

All his hopes and ambitions on earth were centered there—the girl he loved with heart and soul was far up in the doomed structure, perhaps asleep, under the influence of an opiate, after a wakeful night with an aching brow.

At first his blood seemed congealed into ice.

Then he leaped through his veins like boiling lava, fresh from the throat of Vesuvius.

Charlie did not waste time in reflection.

Time was worth more than money now, worth all the world to him.

He had leaped to the pavement like a deerbound, and dashed toward the hotel in great bounds.

Some men would have lost their wits, but it seemed that the greater the emergency the keener became his mind.

Even as he ran and elbowed his way through the excited crowd with irresistible force, he was mapping out a plan of campaign.

Really there seems no limit to the human mind—its capacity is astonishing—it rises to meet the emergency regardless of what is needed.

Now, even when thus fighting his way through the crowd, Charlie saw the hopelessness of attempting to reach the main entrance on the avenue.

The space for half a block was densely packed with a whooping mass of humanity, partly imbued with the eager curiosity that always distinguishes crowds the world over, and at the same time a chivalrous desire to be of use somehow.

If he desired to reach that door he must perforce walk over the heads of the packed crowd.

A better plan suggested itself.

He remembered a side entrance which would admit him much more easily.

Now he was at the corner.

He took one look up and around.

The picture was impressed upon the tablets of his memory forever.

No longer were handkerchiefs and green ribbons waving from the numerous windows of the hotel—instead, panic-stricken girls threw out their arms appealingly and shrieked in terror.

The wand of an evil magician had touched the scene, and transformed it in a twinkling.

Smoke already oozed from several openings, proving to Charlie that his hopes of the fire being trifling were groundless.

It was most serious.

The holocaust of the Parisian Charlie Bazar was about to be repeated in New York; and that St. Patrick's day would be marked as the most ghoulish Gotham had ever known.

Charlie now had a better chance to push ahead.

Already he feared he had delayed too long.

There were many people and much excitement in the side street, but it was of course not to be compared with the avenue where the crowds had gathered to witness the parade.

Straight to the door Charlie dashed.

A man stood there endeavoring to keep out those who had no business inside, for it is well known that daring thieves will take advantage of such occasions to ply their nefarious

trade, even if they do not at times even create the opportunity.

Ten men could not have kept our Charlie from pushing in.

He shouted that he was a guest, and then rushed inside; nor did the man, after one look at his haggard face, attempt to say him nay.

Charlie avoided the office, where men swarmed, and orders were shouted that could never be obeyed.

His business was aloft.

She was there exposed to a frightful death, and he felt that he lived but to save her!

So up he bounded, three steps at a time.

One thing he must remember—the Windsor was famous as a caravansary where a stranger might easily lose himself in the many passages.

To do so now would be indeed fatal to all his hopes.

He found smoke everywhere, and even fancied he could hear the crackling of flames, though the whole place was in such a turmoil that one could not be sure of this.

He also met numerous persons, flying this way and that, maddened with fear.

Some hardly knew whither they went, and appealed frantically to this cool-headed man beseeching him, for heaven's sake, to tell them where the stairs could be found.

Nor did he fail to direct them, every one, even while he pushed on to the next flight.

Up, up, he went, still finding smoke circling along the halls, through which women staggered, shrieking their appalling distress.

It was a terrifying picture.

There were comical elements injected into it, of course, but no one had the heart to laugh.

Charlie knew in his heart a dreadful calamity was impending—nothing short of a miracle could save the great structure now, and the days of miracles appear to be past.

Perhaps scores of human lives would be sacrificed to the demon of fire—mostly helpless women, employees or guests, who had been viewing the parade from the upper windows.

The mere fact that such a draught passed through the halls from these open windows would hasten the total demolition of the whole structure and make it more certain.

Had Charlie no sacred duty of his own to perform, he would have gladly devoted all of his time toward effecting the rescue of these terrified girls.

As it was, he could only think of Arline.

Her lovely face was before his eyes and seemed to plead with him to make haste.

The smoke was growing even more dense, and he had to push close to the doors to distinguish the numbers, in order to make sure that he was on the right floor.

At last this knowledge came to him.

The opportunity was in his grasp.

Here the same conditions seemed to abound—there was smoke in plenty, frizzled maids and flying figures darting through it all like spectres.

Charlie was somewhat out of breath as a result of his steady climb, but otherwise in good physical condition.

He had the number of Arline's rooms well in his mind—the house had been crowded, and these were the best at her service, though the clerk had promised her a suite near the McKintys after that day.

What if he could have made a mistake in any way? The wretched consequences almost paralyzed him to even think of it.

Eagerly he had scanned each flying or crouching female figure he met, in the hope that he might thus discover the one he sought.

But as yet he had not found her.

Even in that smoke-laden atmosphere he knew he could not mistake her figure, while one note from her voice must have thrilled him through and through.

(To be continued.)

The Talk of Children.

It has been said that children speak the best English in the world in that their idea is expressed in the fewest words and to the point.

Mr. Andrew Simonds, of Charleston, is convinced that their powers of vernacular are superior to his talent for intelligible description.

He was one day trying to interest his little girl, nearly 3 years old, by telling her stories of the circus. She loved horses and was particularly impressed by the feats of the bare-back riders.

"Now," he said, taking a chair by way of illustration, "this is a horse. A man comes in on him and rides him all round the ring standing up without any saddle or bridle. Then directly another horse comes in bare-back (putting another chair by the first), and the man rides him, too, just in the same way, until at last there are four horses, and he rides them all round the ring at the same time. And a row of four chairs represent the four horses. Now, wasn't that fine?"

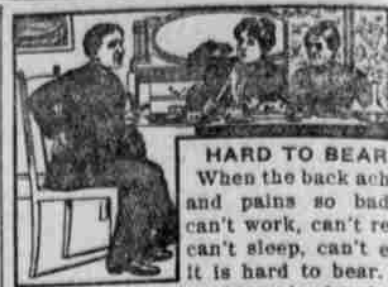
The little one looked up, very grave, her eyes full of the doubt and credulity that so often puzzle us—

"Yes—he had many legs—that man."

"And I had to go all over that story again, said Mr. Simonds.

True Greatness.

True greatness, first of all, is a thing of the heart. It is all alive with robust and generous sympathies. It is neither behind its age nor too far before it. It is up with its age, and ahead of it only just so far as to be able to lead its march. It cannot slumber, for activity is a necessity of its existence. It is no reservoir, but a fountain.—Rowell D. Hitchcock.



HARD TO BEAR.

When the back aches and pains so badly, can't work, can't rest, can't sleep, can't eat, it is hard to bear.

Thousands of aching backs have been relieved and cured.

People are learning that backache pains come from disordered kidneys, that Doan's Kidney Pills cure every Kidney ill, cure Bladder troubles, urinary derangements, Dropsy, Diabetes, Bright's Disease.

Read this testimony to the merit of the greatest of Kidney Specifics.

J. W. Walls, superintendent of streets of Lebanon, Ky., living on East Main street in that city, says:

"With my nightly rest broken, owing to irregularities of the kidneys, suffering intensely from severe pains in the small of my back and through the kidneys, and annoyed by painful passages of abnormal secretions, life was anything but pleasant for me. No amount of doctoring relieved this condition and for the reason that nothing seemed to give me even temporary relief, I became about discouraged. One day I noticed in the newspapers the case of a man who was afflicted as I was and was cured by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. His words of praise for this remedy were so sincere that on the strength of his statement I went to the Hugh Murray Drug Co.'s store and got a box. I found that the medicine was exactly as powerful a kidney remedy as represented. I experienced quick and lasting relief. Doan's Kidney Pills will prove a blessing to all sufferers from kidney disorders who will give them a fair trial."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Walls will be mailed to any part of the United States on application. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

The One That Was Mad.

A German, who recently landed in this city, was attacked upon the street and bitten by a vicious dog. A few bystanders rushed to the man's assistance, who was apparently more frightened than injured, and asked if the dog was mad. The German exclaimed, "Vot, der dog mad? Mine Got, vy he mad? 'Is me vot is mad!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES do not stain the hands or spot the kettle, except green and purple.

United States a Good Customer.

Russia, hitherto a pig-iron importing country, exported to America this year over 32,000 tons of pig iron; Germany sent her immense quantities of pig iron and manufactured steel; even France, hitherto a customer and competitor, went coast to coast and Scotland place owe all their advances and their present stability entirely to America. To Germany this unexpected demand must have proved an unlooked blessing, rescuing her from what was fast approaching a commercial crisis, says the Edinburgh Scotsman.

DEAFNESS NOT BE CURED

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, it has a tendency to close, and hearing is destroyed. Unless closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflammation of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists. The Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Movement of Ethergrams.

A plausible explanation of the fact noted by Marconi that ethergrams travel farther by night than by day is that of M. Joly quoted by La Nature. The waves constituting the message were sent from west to east, and would, therefore, be traveling during the day, against the earth current from England, while by night they would be traveling with that current in conditions similar to sounds carried by a strong gale.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 13, 1900.

To Publish Civil War Document.

A volume of civil war stories, just coming from the press in San Francisco, is said to contain a remarkable letter addressed by the (then) Pope to the president of the Southern Confederacy.

"The Klean, Kool, Kitchen Kint!" is the trade mark on stoves which enable you to cook in comfort in a cool kitchen.

Compliment, but No Cash.

Mrs. Julia O'Toole of Boston has the satisfaction of knowing that her beauty is a matter of court record. She had been awarded a verdict of \$20,000 against the Old Colony Street Railroad company on account of injuries sustained. This verdict was set aside on appeal, the Supreme Court holding that the jury in the court trial had been "carried off their feet" through their admiration for the plaintiff, Mrs. O'Toole will carry the case still higher.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

Many Centenarians in America.

Joseph H. Perkins of Syracuse, N. Y., will soon publish a work containing the biographies of nearly 50,000 centenarians. If he can show any means of living so as to reach the 100-year mark, his book ought to have a wide circulation. There are 4,000 people now living in the United States who are 100 years old or more.